

The night owl needs a place to perch

There once was a place that had good vibes and second hand smoke.

Everyday when I would wake up in the late afternoon, my insides would calm knowing there was a building filled with peoples colored shapes and space to spread my own.

The java scent and dry humor warmed my soul every night when I passed through this junction.

High inhibition flared and shy witty people would kindly share their thoughts and talents with me.

In this nocturnal life style piled soft seats and bar stools stood randomly in the dim lit box of strange tunes and food to cater every flavor.

All the weird behavior was favored by me and my silly passive friends.

Pens assuring paper as fingers making the vibration sing on the strings and trinkets would be shared.

My creative wings would spread as I tapped away on my laptop everything box.

Oh the fun never stopped until the end of this place was induced by stupid human numbers; yet no norm can take away the memories I play again and again in my slumber.

Next summer maybe some place new will welcome us once more.